



INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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Innis Herald

SEPTEMBER, 1980

A LETTER FROM THE PRINCIPAL

On behalf of the staff of the College, teaching and administrative, I want to welcome both those returning and those arriving here for the first time. To newcomers especially, let me note that you'll find a friendly and willing staff here who welcome your inquiries.

The offices of the Registrar (newly remodelled for the better handling of appointments), the Residence Coordinator, the Principal's Assistant and the Principal are here to be used by you. Sometimes we're busy

with someone else, but wait patiently and we'll try to help you with whatever's bothering you.

That reminds me: you'll note that the office of our Personal Counsellor, Ms. Sue Gellatly, has been moved from the second floor to the Registrar's area. This places her in a more convenient place to talk with you about whatever's on your mind.

At Innis College, we have always emphasized our student services: counselling,

academic and non-academic, Writing Lab, Math Counselling, special tutorial sections, and the like. They are here for you to use, and we hope you will.

Again welcome to old friends and new. I recently came across a brief invocation that comes at the end of certain Orthodox Jewish services. Let it serve for us all:

Be strong, be strong, and let us strengthen one another!

Dennis Duffy
Principal

SOVEREIGNTY ASSOCIATION AT INNIS COLLEGE

By Roddy Macdonald

On May 1st 1980 the Innis College Student Society became a duly constituted body, independent of Innis College. The drawing-up of our constitution was a long process set in motion many years ago. The desire to be an independent body is, I believe, a natural one; it allows students to decide student matters for themselves, to be free of College policy priorities and red tape. Inevitably we create some red tape of our own, but we hope that the new constitution keeps this to a minimum. Like any newborn thing, our constitution and its by-laws will have growing pains. In the next year we will be sure to find points that need revision despite the many hours of close attention paid to the document by the Constitution Committee. Indeed, some problem areas have already come to light and these will be dealt with in the coming terms.

The new constitution itself is a simple seven point document only a page and a half long. It contains two profound changes in the basic structure of the ICSS executive: the introduction of a second vice-president and the paring down of the previously unwieldy executive. The by-laws and appendix accompanying the constitution lay out in detail what is expected of those holding elected office in the ICSS, as well as suggestions and advice about the jobs. In addition, they give full details of the procedures for meetings and elections.

In past years, the role of Vice-president of the ICSS encom-

passed both the political and the social/athletic aspects of the Student Society. This led to various problems. Firstly, in order to do full justice to the social/athletic part of the job, it was necessary to do less than one's all in the political realm. The reverse applied if a full effort was put forth in the political arena. This meant that inevitably at least one aspect of the job was not given the full attention it deserved. Secondly, it is difficult to find someone both qualified for, and interested in, both aspects of the job.

The new constitution divides this rather overloaded job into two separate posts (Vice-president Services and Vice-president Government) in order to ensure that Innis students receive the best possible service in all activities offered by the ICSS. In addition, having two Vice-presidents means that two students can get involved in the ICSS at a level where only one could before.

The new constitution defines the ICSS executive as the President, both Vice-presidents, the treasurer, Education Commissioner and the Communications Commissioner. The executive as a group have no specific powers but it is necessary that they meet to keep each other informed of the activities of the different branches of the Student Society. This ensures that there is no duplication or waste of effort. The 6 person executive is far more manageable than the old 12 person one and, because the Vice-presidents keep informed of activities

within their individual spheres, the smaller executive can fulfil the same function as the larger one.

Student Society matters have, in the past, been decided at Community Affairs, a committee of the College Council, the governing body of Innis College. The College has always recognized the desirability of allowing students to manage their own affairs. Innis has always given the ICSS a fairly free reign. It was a matter of custom to allow, indeed encourage, any and all members of the ICSS to attend and vote at meetings of the Community Affairs Committee. In fact, strictly speaking, a voting on Council Committees is restricted to those members of Council, and other co-opted members, named by the Council Striking Committee. This was rarely, if ever, enforced at Community Affairs. Council always saw fit to overlook the rule where student affairs were concerned. Indeed, it went so far as to restrict non-student members of Community Affairs from voting at all on any matter relating to ICSS finances. Our new constitution provides students with their own decision-making bodies and the Council's Community Affairs Committee now ceases to exist. In its place we have two committees to deal with the two separate areas of concern of the Student Society: Student Services Committee to deal with all matters of finance and Student Society services — services ranging from a wide variety of men's, women's and

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Dennis Duffy became principal of Innis College just last year but now seems to be a permanent fixture. This picture of Dennis looking out of his office window was taken last year.

Essay Tips From The Writing Lab

By Roger E. Riendeau

The Nature and Context of the Essay

Effective writing can be learned. In fact, most university students already possess much of the basic skills of writing in the knowledge that they have accumulated and in their ability to think. For effective writing, first and foremost, is a matter of having something intelligent and relevant to say.

However, any idea is only as effective as the manner in which it is expressed. Indeed, the most profound thought will lose much of its impact if others can not clearly understand it. An effective writer, therefore, is one who has learned to look upon writing as a craft with techniques and strategies to be mastered in order to communicate logically and coherently.

It is within this context that students should approach their university essays. Essay writing at the university level is not merely a matter of putting words and sentences on paper and relating a series of random facts and ideas. Even for the best students, essay writing is usually a long, difficult, and tedious process involving careful planning and organization, as well as constant revision.

This column will be a regular feature of the *Innis Herald*. The advice that it will offer over the next few months is not guaranteed to transform the mediocre writer into a brilliant one. But if this series of articles provides students with a better understanding of what is generally expected in their university writing assignments and how to approach them more efficiently, then its main purpose will have been achieved.

A university essay is a much misunderstood task. Every student soon learns that the essay, along with the examination, is the primary means of evaluating his academic performance over the course of a term or year. However, all too many students never come to realize the nature and context of the essay assignment.

An essay is *not* a mere statement of facts. To relate a series of facts pertaining to what happened, how to do something, who someone is, where some place is located, or what something looks like, no matter how accurate and detailed the information may be, does not constitute the typical university essay. Nor is the essay a pure work of the imagination. The strictly personal essay such as a vivid account of "how I spent my summer holidays" will seldom be assigned in a university course.

A university essay can be defined as a short, literary composition of an analytical or interpretive nature. A closer examination of this definition reveals the essential characteristics of an essay.

The standard length of a university essay usually ranges from 5 to 15 pages, or about 1,000 to 4,000 words. The knowledgeable and interested writer realizes that this is not a large framework within which to state and explain his thoughts. Working within such confines requires concreteness, precision, and conciseness.

An essay is a literary work in the sense that it is characterized by the formal language of literature rather than the informal language of speech. In effect, the scholarly writer must be familiar with two languages: the spoken one with its tendency to use slang, colloquialisms, contractions, sentence fragments, and other informalities which should be avoided; and the written one which requires an awareness of the subtleties of spelling, vocabulary, syntax, grammar, and punctuation. These elements of style are established by convention or longstanding agreement in order to facilitate graceful communication between strangers.

In writing essays the student must be both an analyst and a composer. First, he must separate his work into its various parts in order to reveal their nature, proportion, function, or interrelationship. Then, he must present an arrangement of those parts so as to make his essay a unified and coherent whole. Indeed, an effective writer is an artist in his own right; he needs to have a sense of design so that he can consistently maintain control over the presentation of his material, and so that his pattern of thought will be clearly evident to his reader.

Finally, a university essay is expected to be interrelated that the writer explains the meaning of his ideas so as to reflect his own conception or understanding of them. There may be numerous ways of dealing with a particular idea and the writer is entitled to his own opinion so long as he is able to support it. It is this quality which remains constant in the university essay. Essays may differ according to type, size, style, and subject. They may range from the very simple to the exceedingly complex. But in the final analysis, every essay must express a personal view or judgment.

If a student is to convey ideas that are understandable and relevant, he must have a clear sense of why he is writing. Students who write essays merely for grades or because they are obliged to do so are never likely to become effective writers. The effective writer also views the essay as an opportunity to receive valuable objective criticism. Such criticism is a further improvement and praise for what has been achieved are a barometer for assessing a student's progress and an incentive to meet new challenges.

The effective writer is constantly aware that the essay is being written not merely for his own purpose or interest but also for comprehension and evaluation by someone else. Good scholarly writing is not a monument to the writer's intellectual capacity but a service performed for a stranger. To communicate effectively the writer must put himself in that stranger's shoes and imagine that he is the reader. He must be considerate to his audience by remaining aware of its knowledge, interests, abilities, reactions, sensitivities, perspectives, and variety. The responsibility rests with the writer to get his ideas across to the reader, and not with the reader to figure out what the writer is trying to say.

Ordinarily, the writer is conversant with the most difficult of all audiences to reach. It is an invisible one. Unlike someone performing before a live audience, the writer does not have the benefit of an audience which can see his face, interpret his gestures, or ask for further explanation and proof. The writer does not get a second chance to appeal to a bored, confused, or unsympathetic audience.

Fortunately, the student's relationship with his reader, the class instructor, is not one of misunderstanding. The instructor will respond to the student's work and keep on reading even when bored. His job is to provide systematic and prolonged encouragement and criticism.

What the instructor wants, therefore, is of major concern to the student preparing a university essay. For the most part, instructors do not want essays that are an echo or mirror of their own ideas. To write just to please the instructor is a pointless exercise most likely to end in disappointment for all concerned. The essay is an opportunity for the instructor to evaluate a student's ability to think, to understand the material taught in the course, and to communicate it effectively. For the instructor, effective communication means the development of a strong and persuasive way of presenting a student's own ideas, not those of his instructor.

What then constitutes a student's own ideas? A university student becoming acquainted with a new body of knowledge is not expected to come up with ideas that have never been expressed before. But he is expected to reach conclusions based on reliable and varied sources. A student's ideas are only as good as the books that have influenced them. Through research the essay can demonstrate some sense of originality

by providing fresh insight into the subject, a different way of viewing it, or an interesting way of communicating it. Thus, while the ideas that are presented in an essay may not be new, the method by which they have been formulated and presented should be distinct.

Likewise, the words used to articulate the ideas add a sense of originality to the essay. Students are expected to use their own words unless deliberately quoting. To copy directly from source books without proper use of quotation marks or documentation is a serious academic offense called plagiarism. What constitutes plagiarism and how to avoid it is a rather complex issue which is better dealt with separately in a later issue.

Even though the course instructor will ultimately evaluate the essay, he should not be regarded as the primary audience. Instead, the student writer should aim his work at the level of his fellow students who can be assumed to have some interest in and familiarity with the subject matter, if not the depth of insight that comes with careful study. He must avoid the extreme of assuming that his reader knows nothing about the subject or is an expert. In effect, every essay has the same audience: reasonable and intelligent people whose minds are open to persuasion, but only if the assertions made are understandable and consistently supported.

This attempt to examine the nature and context of the university essay represents a necessary starting point to learning how to plan and organize an essay effectively and efficiently. In the next issue, this column will deal with the focus and structure of the university essay. This will involve a discussion of how to choose a narrowly focused topic, how to formulate a clearly defined thesis, and how to arrange facts and ideas into a logical and coherent framework. In the meantime, students are welcome to address any questions that they may have about university essay writing to me c/o the *Innis Herald* or the Innis College Writing Lab. I will try to answer as many of these questions as possible in future columns. Also, become more familiar with our College Writing Lab. It is there to help you learn to become a more effective writer.

U of T IS A LAUGH IN THE DARK

The ride of your life that's not on a Honda

By Roddy McDonald

Ever been on the Laugh In Dark ride at the CNE? You and a bunch of strangers crammed into an uncomfortable little box on wheels that's magically propelled through two grimy swinging doors and into the unwelcoming darkness beyond. The appeal sure doesn't come from seeing the outside but the desire to see beyond those doors. At the other end of the ride another boxcar emerges, the passengers squinting in the sunlight of the real world, trying to figure out why the hell they just paid good money to be taken for a ride—literally—to be knocked and bumped around, laughed at, shouted at, frustrated, disoriented and confused. What's more to the point, why are they going back to encourage their friends to take the same ride?

Those of us who choose to go to university—for whatever reasons—would be well advised to check out the Laugh In The Dark ride at the CNE this year. "But why?" I hear some moron in the front row ask again. The answer is a simple one. U of T. Registration is just one big Laugh In The Dark.

The U of T. ticket office is on Bloor Street and all you have to do is fill in an application form, unlike the CNE you won't have to pay right away but the ticket is more expensive (Yes, but is it better value?) Tucked in hand you are now ready to take the ride of your life.

The swinging doors are nudged open when you get your secondary application form and start trying to choose a college. First stop: a college Registrar's office a handful of forms and brochures, a quick chat and you're off with instructions to come back next Tuesday—or was it next Wednesday?—when did she say the registrar's going to be away?—or was it the assistant registrar?—I've lost the pamphlet—what's your name again?—oh gawd, it's training—Next stop that big college with all the carvings. Same routine here, only the pamphlets are a lot smarter and the pictures are glossy. You can't see the Registrar this time just one of his underlings. The place is a bit like a museum only less interesting. Lots of classrooms to see and a few people haunting the halls but none look overly interested in you. On to the next college—excuse me is this Wilcocks Street?—which way is up on this map?—none of these doors go anywhere—I think I'm in the wrong building—where's the nearest exit?—if still raining—if you can find it. Now your ride is beginning to adjust to the darkness behind those swinging doors. Once your arms are full of various bits of

literature and you're tired from walking all day and you can't find a place to get a decent cup of coffee, then you know that the ride has begun in earnest. The swinging doors have stopped swinging and you're at the mercy of the machine. Dead ends, slow curves, ups and downs, a few bumps and soon a feeling of disorientation sets in. You and the strangers have chosen to ride with you are all in the dark—where's the housing office?—why aren't these pamphlets all the same size so I wouldn't keep dropping them?—is there a washroom in this building?—I'm sorry we're closed for the day?—you'll need a written confirmation of that?—who is Sid Smith anyway?—Too bad, your marks aren't high enough—but I waited over an hour to see you—everyone assumes I know what I'm doing—is it still raining out?—as you go on in the darkness strange faces appear and disappear but catch glimpses of things you don't understand and things which are very familiar yet somehow different. All the time people are laughing at you, jeering faces that tell you white is black and if you had any intelligence at all you'd see that. The constant laughter in the dark makes you feel like a fool just because you don't know what to expect. Everyone seems a lot older than you yet they're all just students too; they've just outgrown your shoes.

Once you've chosen your college you're probably half way through the ride; the worse is yet to come—I hope I chose a good college—I can't find my fees form—did I miss my appointment with the registrar?—my map's still soggy—or was it the assistant registrar?—what does GGR stand for?—what's a prerequisite and how many do I need to graduate?—The big day arrives: Registration.

The little boxcar takes a nasty turn and speeds up almost losing one of the passengers. Lights are flashing all around and they're still laughing at you. Like parts of a long train you and those riding with you shuffle from one station to the next with enough paper to fill your arms four times over so you'll be sure to overlook the fact that you still don't have the right forms. As the ride goes on you all feel pretty lost, but at least you've got one another. You'll see a few friendly faces, catch quick glimpses of what it could be like if you only had time to stop, but the boxcar just keeps rolling on. Every time the car goes over a new bump and more strange things fly past there are more questions raised—go back over there?—but they sense to see you?—I need does \$2L.65P. [AT mean?—I need

What The Hell Is . . .

By Lauren Mould

What the hell is that guy staring at? He's been staring in that dumb way throughout the entire class. Whatever happened to subtlety? As if I don't know what he's staring at. As if he doesn't know that I know what he's staring at. Well it's not my problem. Let him go ahead and stare if he wants to. I'm certainly not in this class so that I can worry about what some guy's staring at.

—Oh god, he's smiling at me now. Does he ever look ridiculous with that phony smile smeared on his face. Well I'll be damned if I'm smiling back. What's there to smile about? I know what he's up to. He knows that I know what he's up to. That's why he's smiling. Thanks he's making progress, thinks we're communicating.

He hasn't even taken in one word of the lecture. Doesn't even have his notebook open. Well he can go ahead and fail this class, I don't care. He can stare all he wants, I'm just not going to let him get to me. No way. I can think of a million other things that are better worth worrying about than what some guy's staring at.

If I was to crawl underneath this table right now he'd get the message. Or if I had some ammunition of elastic bands and paperclips to shoot at him then he'd know for sure. You don't mess around with someone who's shooting paperclips at you. No way. Unless of course you're an idiot. An idiot might just go on smiling and staring and looking plain stupid. But I'm not going to go that far anyway. You certainly don't see university students crawling beneath tables during lectures. The professor might think you were nuts, and it's best to leave that kind of thing unconfirmed until just before exams or some other convenient time like that.

whose signature?—Is this the line for EC0100?—The class is full!—when will the probe be back?—Registration raises more questions than it could hope to answer, but the students just keep coming, the train just keeps rolling. The laughter continues, the bumps and jolts of the ride still jar your senses and the whole thing still seems awfully confusing.

Finally your boxcar hits the exit doors and sunlight floods in, you and your fellow riders emerge squinting and relieved from the rigors of the ride. Once through, it takes a while to adjust once again to the real world. Perhaps your legs are a little shaky and you may be disoriented—where's SS2100?—aren't you in my PSY100 class?—where's the cafeteria?—do I have to take this course in this time slot?—what's the difference between a lecture and a tutorial?—Damn, late for class again—Dr. John's what?—where do I get my textbooks?—nobody told me I'd need that—The effects don't last too long though and before long you realize it was all worthwhile. Riders getting off the ride encourage their friends to try it. It may be a bit scary at first but if you hang on you'll pull through. In fact lots of people take similar rides every year, like knocking your head against the wall, you feel better when it's over. The price of the ticket goes up every year, but, just like the CNE, you can be sure the ride will still be there next year. The U of T rider may not always be as scary as the appeal's still there and its benefits aren't always appreciated until you get off the ride and back into the bright sunlight of the real world.

Orientation Schedule

August	29 (Friday)	Vlad Weekend
	30 (Saturday)	—dinner —U. of T. tours —picnic —scavenger hunt —beer & pizza —team sports at the Complex
September	31 (Sunday)	OFF
	1 (Monday)	Rollerskating at The Terrace
	2 (Tuesday)	Rookie Dinner in Pub
	3 (Wednesday)	Sparkies
	4 (Thursday)	Wine & Cheese Party
	5 (Friday)	OFF
	6 (Saturday)	Farm Weekend
	8 (Monday)	OFF
	9 (Tuesday)	Monte Carlo Night
	10 (Wednesday)	Pub Crawl
	11 (Thursday)	Movie Night
	12 (Friday)	Last Party

Cornish Rhapsody

By Janet Ward

That time is upon him again and from his cramped residence room he emerges and goes down to what awaits him. He goes down to dinner. Dinner, my God, in what guise this time he asks the sky. He thinks of the Principle behind this regular madness and curses the Meal Plan. The Meal Plan, guaranteeing not security, not sustenance, not the sensual pleasures of taste and aroma but a daily, weekly, monthly onslaught of insult heaped upon creamed chicken.

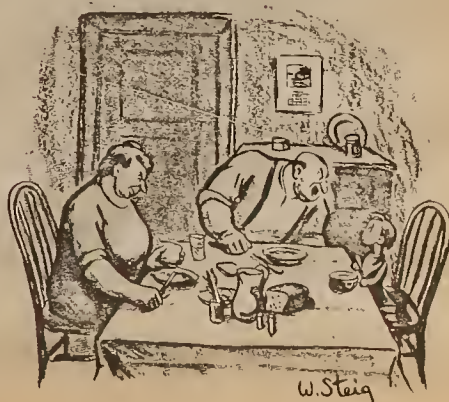
Chipped beef, he cries to the sun as it sets behind the library and the snack vans with their parasite-rich Lone Star Chili and packaged granola bars tasting of driveways and honey buns wrapped in little plastic shrouds that nobody bothers to remove anymore. Chipped beef after Mom's Chateaubriand.

If there was honesty maybe he could cope, but there is gross deception. Coq au vin tonight, he hears his roommate whisper and he dares to dream. His taste buds twitch and he thinks again of home, Listowel and Mother in the kitchen. Fresh herbs and butter and the delicate moist flesh of the bird, white and wonderful. Down the stairs across the circle and into the shabby refectory, lining up with the other pathetic hopefuls asking to be fooled once more. Feed me, their blank eyes beg and he too begs for an answer to his illusions. Coq au vin, he chants, ignoring the messages his nose is already sending to his fevered brain.

But there is no hope and as he accepts his portion of plucked budgie in a sauce so sadly reminiscent of his kindergarten

days when he experimented with Elmer's glue and found it wanting, he listens to the sounds of dreams breaking. He thinks back to lunchtime's strangely iridescent Cornish pasties and yesterday's pemmican on toast. Why rob the prairies of their noble inhabitants, he wonders. These brave creatures should be left to graze in Montana where they belong. No one answers him

and the chairs begin to shift and the line-up forms and the word is passed among the many. He hides his head in his arms and rests at the table a moment. There is nothing left. Nothing but dessert. Blancmange, he whispers. There is nothing but lunch and dinner going on forever into dessert. My God, he cries to the moon, what is Blancmange anyway?



"What's wrong wit' oatmeal, if I ain't bein' too inquisitive?"

CAREER COUNSELING AND PLACEMENT CENTRE

344 Bloor Street West

Summer and Part-time jobs

Begin in October to check out the following services:

- a) Summer on-campus recruitment: Interviews with major employers for career-related summer jobs.
 - b) Individual summer job listings: Over 4,000 summer jobs are listed annually.
 - c) Part-time jobs: Tutors, typists.
- In addition, the Centre's Career Counsellors are available to help you in a variety of ways: Career Planning Groups, individual counselling and job search seminars.

CAREERTALKS: Beginning in October we will bring guest speakers on-campus to talk about careers in their fields.

CAREER INFORMATION LIBRARY

"HOLD OUT": THE PRETENDER WITHOUT DISGUISE

Browne.

His music has always been admittedly autobiographical. And right now, he tells us, he is in love. As far as the biographical details go, his new album may be seen as tracing the development of his relationship with Lynne Sweeney, the twenty-one year old Australian woman he is marrying when he completes his present tour.

"Hold Out", "Call It A Loan" and "Hold Out Hold On" are the songs which deal with his personal relationship. In "Hold Out", a song which sounds a lot like "A Whiter Shade of Pale", the singer is unwilling to commit himself even though he knows "It's starting to be cold out/For people who live like me." The singer's position is similar to that found in "Love Needs a Heart" from the "Running On Empty" album.

"Call It A Loan" is the revelation of love when the singer quite suddenly realizes; "What if this feeling becomes hard to part with." The simplicity of this song — it begins with a single guitar picking through the melody — is reminiscent of Browne's earliest compositions on "Saturate Before Using".

The final song in the love story and the final song on the album is "Hold Out Hold On". The song sounds something like "The Fuse", but "The Fuse" is relatively simple in structure compared to "Hold Out Hold On" which moves through several different tempos. The song may be described as an anthem, and although it is directed towards Lynne, it may be taken as a song of hope for everyone: "For the countless souls beaten by their goals/Keep a hold on".

The other cuts on the album provide a kind of contemporary background against which the love story is played. "Disco Apocalypse", a danceable number, features a solo appearance by Rosemary Butler, the singer whose rich, husky voice was last heard on "Stay". She has one of those incredible voices which can give you shivers.

"Hold Out" has the same tight professionalism of "The Pretender" album. And in sound and style this new album is closer to "The Pretender" than to "Running on Empty", but "Running on Empty" is not really a true Browne album. Only two out of the ten songs are

his own compositions, compared to seven out of eight on "The Pretender" and five out of seven on "Hold Out".

In a recent *Rolling Stone* interview Browne describes "Running on Empty" as a "momentary diversion" and a "digression". It is an easy-going, off-handed album about the life of a rock and roll band on the road. The actual recording of the album — live on stage, on the bus, and in hotel rooms — reflects this casual atmosphere. Nonetheless, after the irony and intensity of "The Pretender", "Running on Empty" seems to have been for Browne a necessary and healthy change of mood.

"The Pretender" was an album haunted by the suicide death of Browne's wife, Phyllis. Now, four years later, Browne has come out with an album which is almost its opposite. "Hold Out" is a reaffirmation of life and love. On this album Browne sounds happier than ever before. And he is also singing better than ever, reaching for higher notes which seem particularly appropriate for his new frame of mind.

Sovereignty Association

Continued from page 1

co-ed sports teams to regular parties and educational activities. The Student Government Committee will deal with all matters relating to political issues (both College and University) which are of interest to Innis College students, in particular, student members of the College Council.

The move away from the College Council is merely a logical extension of the special allowances made for the old Community Affairs committee. It is not a separation, a moving apart, of students and non-students at Innis College. In fact, it allows us to work more closely together for the good of the College as a whole. It removes from Council's time to be put to better use. Instead of a report from the chairman of Community Affairs, the President of the ICSS will make a regular report to Council immediately following the Principal's report.

The Constitution document gives future executives of the ICSS a solid base from which to work. As authority changes hands over the years the continuity which is necessary to the ICSS will be embodied in the Constitution, its by-laws and appendix; it will ensure the continued well-being of the Innis College Student Society. Copies are available for inspection in the Society's office, room 116. The new executive welcomes any comments or questions you may have.

By Lauren Mould

Like Dylan before him, Jackson Browne is one of those rare musicians whose music has made him a living legend. Since his earliest albums Browne has had the reputation of being a sensitive, perceptive and very serious songwriter. He has been accused, occasionally, of being too introspective, his music too melancholy and solemn. Certainly nobody can accuse him of these things now. His music has never been more affirmative.

"Hold Out", Browne's sixth album in eight years, marks a new phase in the development of his music. It is a new installment in the continuing story of Jackson Browne by Jackson



INNIS COLLEGE
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Cleo: What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno: Think and die.

— Shakespeare



INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO 2 SUSSEX AVENUE TORONTO 978-7023

EDITORIAL

The Stupid Generation

M. Swan

We are the stupid generation. When we were young people complained about declining standards in public education. They said that the children weren't learning their times tables, that children never read anymore, that we watched too much television and therefore had a maximum seven minute attention span, and we didn't know the words to "God Save The Queen". They all had different explanations for the phenomenon of our stupidity. They blamed modern teaching methods, television, new math, the downfall of organized religion, overcrowded classrooms, too many immigrants, and a lack of respect for the Queen.

These criticisms continued through our high school education. When we were in high school they complained that we lacked the basics, that we weren't interested in learning, that we watched too much television, that the schools were full of louts and drug addicts, that we were functional illiterates, and we still didn't know the words to "God Save The Queen". People still theorized about why our generation was such a failure. They blamed our public schooling, television, the breakdown of the family and traditional moral rectitude, the introduction of French into the curriculum, and a lack of respect for the Queen.

Now we are in university and the discussions about our stupidity have increased. There are complaints that we don't know our grammar, that we are not sufficiently well read, that we have no understanding of the basic principles of

mathematics and the physical sciences, that we can't follow a logical argument, that we are full of television clichés and misinformation, and that we have no standards of academic excellence. (They seem to have dropped the "God Save The Queen" issue.) They blame the high schools, television, modern teaching techniques, the disappearance of standardized exams.

The dismay over our stupidity is now so widespread that it now greets us in nasty little asides in Maclean's, The Globe and Mail, and even the Toronto Sun. Just about everyone is convinced that the education system has failed and it has become quite fashionable to say so. Of course the intelligent comment on this subject does not blame a sudden aberration in the average intelligence of the human being. Intelligent comment talks about how institutions responsible for education are unsuited to their job. This may be a less direct slur on our generation but not a less damaging one.

The criticism of the educational system and our generation has resulted in a notable depreciation in the respect accorded to a degree. Businessmen, journalists, politicians, professors and a large number of students are convinced that university degrees are meaningless, and that either the world of academe bears no relation to the "real" world, or that the traditions of humanism that once gave a degree its value have been irreparably damaged by liberalism, the sixties, or some other phantom.

Despite this widespread doubt about the authenticity of our education and the accuracy of any report of our intelligence, 67 universities across this country will issue about 85,000 undergraduate degrees and about 15,000 graduate degrees this year. 100,000 degrees

issued in one year at a time when degrees are rapidly losing respect in the community. Many of these degrees will be awarded to students who have ceased to believe in their value.

The flaw in most of the criticisms made of our generation and how either we have failed the educationalists or the educationalists have failed us, is that few of the critics have any particular view of what an education is or what a student is. The reason that they don't have a clear idea of what a student or an education is is that the education system is currently being run by the wrong people towards the wrong goals, and the critics have mistaken this coalition of politicians and businessmen for the correct and rightful administrators of the academic world on the grounds that it is their money that we are spending. They have accepted these administrators, and their interpretation of the true aims of scholarship, whether or not these people are really capable of distinguishing between the worthwhile and the worthless in the academic world.

Businessmen complain that the graduates of the universities, community colleges and high schools are not usable products. They complain that the university graduates are not fit to take their places as the captains, or even the Lieutenants, of industry. They complain that the high school and community college graduates don't have practical technical skills, only a knowledge about practical technical skills. The press concurs with the businessmen and the politicians concur with the press (this being the way of the world). Many professors and academic administrators have derived their view of the situation from the businessmen and

politicians, reasoning that since they derive their revenue from these sources they should also derive their opinions about the proper functioning of a university from them.

Businessmen, however, may not be the most fit to decide what is a good education. Nor are politicians, nor journalists. A university does not exist to produce ready-made junior executives. Any student who expects to become such a wonderfully employable product, someone that the businessman merely has to plunk down in front of a desk, is going to university for the wrong reasons. Businessmen have no right to expect publicly funded institutions to provide trained personnel for them. If the business community needs trained personnel it must expect to provide, and pay for, that training itself.

The purpose of the university is to render intelligent people more intelligent. Once we recognize this we can recognize the grossness of the error of allowing businessmen, or businessmen's mentality, to administer a university.

It is businessmen's mentality that is responsible for the ridiculous pattern of budgeting at this university. Why, for instance, has there been a \$210,000 increase in the budget of the president's office and the creation of a new administrative post, that of central registrar, with a budget of its own, at the same time as the department of English has suffered real cuts over the last three years and the Centre For Culture And Technology has been shut down?

If the purpose of the university is to teach then all non-teaching departments of the university (such as the president's office or a central registrar) are secondary, and those departments that teach

(such as the department of English or the Centre For Culture And Technology) are necessities to be given first priority. The businessmen and politicians, who make important decisions at this university, understand administration and the need for it better than they understand education, and therefore the Centre For Culture And Technology is judged a frivolous luxury and the fat must be cut out of the department of English.

When the university forgets that its mission is to teach it forgets what a student is. Suddenly it becomes the student's role to prove his knowledge and the teacher's role to test it.

The testing and proving of knowledge is the smallest part of the relationship between teacher and student. The student's role is not to know but to learn. The teacher's role is not to carry on abstract discussions with the most erudite of his class members but to lead all of his students, including the least knowledgeable, to the point of knowledge. Students should not enter a class feeling that unless they have all the answers they cannot participate in the class. The best students do not answer all the questions right but ask all the right questions. And, of course, no student should walk into a class feeling that he has all the right answers.

If the education of this generation has been less than sufficient it cannot be blamed on the victims of the schools and universities. And if the schools and universities have forgotten their first mission — to teach — it must be blamed on those people who, being neither teachers nor students, have imposed what they perceive as the "real world" on the education system, and have made their own peculiar world views more important than education.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SHOULD McLUHAN CENTRE BE CLOSED — SCHOLAR SAYS NO

The following is an open letter sent to James Ham and other newspapers including this one in response to the School of Graduate Studies' decision to close the Centre for Culture and Technology.

Dear President Ham,

Recently word reached me that the University of Toronto is considering phasing out the Centre for the Study of Culture and Technology from its list of budgetary allocations. Before making a case on behalf of the Centre, let me consider what must be a very difficult decision for you. No doubt par-

ticular emphasis must be given to trimming what may appear to be "marginal" or "luxury" programs and projects when the global economy would seem to dictate that all of us allot funds only toward absolute educational necessities. Secondly, there must be those who claim that given McLuhan's age and health, it is only appropriate that he retire. No doubt they would further insist that as there are no tenured faculty who work at the Centre excepting McLuhan, it would be difficult to justify a continuation of University funding to the Centre. Moreover, McLuhan and the Centre have drawn their share of critics in the past two decades, and perhaps to a lesser degree before McLuhan became popular, and I know that

many professors in all universities have questioned McLuhan's scholarship, accuracy, and veracity. You must face a certain pressure to close the Centre as soon as possible.

You may recall that I originally came from Harvard to write about the relationship between the lives and works of Harold Innis and McLuhan. During my six years of research and thesis writing I discovered many points of agreement, disagreement, and question in the works of McLuhan. Yet despite my findings, and the findings of numerous others who either embrace, reject, or question McLuhan, I discovered a world-wide community of thinkers who believe McLuhan's thought and person to be singular on the landscape of

modern intellectual history. I also discovered that during the last twenty years there may be no single centre which has attracted more independent thinkers, artists, and scholars of world renown than McLuhan's centre in Toronto.

CENTRE BRINGS INTERNATIONAL ESTEEM TO U OF T

During my period of studying with and interviewing McLuhan at his Centre, Malcolm Muggeridge, Claude Bissell, Hugh Kenner, Eric Havelock, and Vladimir Petrie (Harvard) visited McLuhan. Trudeau, Governor Brown, Woody Allen, and the heads of our largest media networks would phone McLuhan long distance. Artists, scholars, and students of virtually all social and

academic backgrounds visited the Centre. If I were to list the number of Nobel Prize Winners, Pulitzer Prize Winners, national leaders, and distinguished scholars who have either visited McLuhan's centre or asked that he visit theirs, I believe I could supply you with a three page single-spaced appendix.

My concern is not so much with who visited McLuhan, however, as with why one man, whether McLuhan, Heidegger, or Sartre, considered the three greatest intellectual magnets of our generation, (in succession to the generation of Russell, Einstein, and Shaw) outdraws almost an entire university without the budget

which that university has to host visitors. What is the magnetism of McLuhan, not simply to curiosity seekers, but to the brightest lights of his day? In visits to Harvard, Cambridge, Oxford, Strasbourg, Heidelberg, and other leading international universities I have found that scholars in virtually all fields could offer either criticisms of McLuhan or appreciation of his writing. Of how many other Canadian or even North American writers can the same statement be made?

I believe the answer, both as to why McLuhan is Toronto's greatest drawing card (not to exclude Fry, Davies and others), and as to why the Centre of Culture and Technology is Canada's greatest intellectual magnet is that McLuhan has dared to think and has dared to stimulate thought in others. Although I have had the privilege of studying with several Nobel Prize winners at Harvard, of hearing the great scholars at the University of Toronto and indeed in most leading universities throughout the non-Communist world, I cannot think of a single figure, with the

possible exception of Heidegger, who, whatever the truth of his findings, has stimulated large quantities of gifted students and even administrators to challenge their pet assumptions, cherished dogma, and hidden premises. In virtually every discipline and country fostering higher education reside those leaders who, having heard McLuhan, have never been quite the same.

CONTROVERSY MORE IMPORTANT THAN ACCEPTANCE

I am not prematurely canonizing a "hero". He would be the first to point out that I do not thoroughly understand all of his work and I would be the first to agree that I certainly do not interpret all of his writing in the manner he would like me to do. And yet I do find it quite ironic, if not wasteful of university funds, that the University may destroy the McLuhan Center now only to rebuild a McLuhan College or McLuhan Hall some decades from now when a suitable benefactor finances the project.

For the record, let me point out that among serious scholars of communication, despite dis-

agreement about the founding fatherhood of communication studies, there is widespread agreement that Marshall McLuhan focused the international spotlight upon the social and psychic effects of technologies of communication in a manner no other scholar has matched before or after. Intellectual history has a manner of following cycles of fashion and I would be no less surprised if Harold Innis and Marshall McLuhan were someday named parents to communications studies than if they were forgotten entirely.

McLUHAN'S WORK 'EDUCATES'

As I recall the Latin verb, *educare*, means to draw forth, to inspire, to challenge, to stimulate. By the criteria of classical higher education I believe that McLuhan has had the courage to stand up for his own unique mode of perception and pedagogy and join Socrates in transcending the fashionable ideologies of his day.

Perhaps one of McLuhan's most admirable qualities is a sense of daring. He has dared to be exceedingly popular and ex-

ceedingly unpopular, two kisses of death within the academic community. I could not live with myself if I did not also dare, not so much to align myself with his thinking, but to align myself with his willingness to think. I have wondered if there are those who will join you in daring to reconsider the fate of the centre. I have wondered if there are those who will dare to honor McLuhan, not retire him. But most importantly, and this is an issue larger than any one individual or campus, I have wondered if we cannot, those of us who are so inspired, return the focus of education upon how to live, not how to make a living. And can we not dare to out-pressure the pressures which would make universities mere extensions of the state and of the conventional wisdom? It would seem that the cult consciousness we have so pinpointed within religious fanaticism may find parallel structure in universities which demand conformity to the rules of bureaucracy and business.

Dr. Thomas W. Cooper
University of Maryland
May 3, 1980

Congratulations To The Innis Herald

The other day a large envelope came from Innis containing, among other things, the Innis Herald.

I think you have done a very good job with it although such a comment from me may label it as "square".

Congratulations and keep up the good work.

Patricia Cooper Cole
Toronto

The INNIS HERALD Desperately needs Neurosurgeons Juglers and Manicurists

However we will settle for

Typists
Photographers
Writers
Artists
Readers
and
Groupies

There will be a meeting for anybody interested in serving the Herald in any capacity on Tuesday, September 9, at 4 p.m. in the Innis Town Hall (which is the place where you got registered). If you can't make that meeting, or even if you can, drop into room 317, or phone 978-7463.

GOAT HERD

By J. Ward
Photos by Robert Ginsberg

We started this assignment hungry. Even though we'd already decided to zero in on the Kensington Market/Baldwin St. area, a ferocious addiction to bran muffins led us to one of Toronto's great breakfast spots, Rooneem's on Queen St. — 3 blocks west of Spadina. Admittedly this place fringes the area of our investigation, however the whole Queen St. scene is another story.

But Rooneem's is worth mentioning anywhere, anytime. The front of the shop is a glorious German bakery. But tear yourself away from the fabulous window full of gooey, custardy pastries and inside past the cases of cheesecakes, honey cakes, breads and buns and strudels and turnovers (I could go on and on) and at the back you'll find a tiny coffee shop — a few small tables each with a miniature vase of fresh flowers, and a little curved luncheon counter. The waitresses are young and friendly and a couple are pleasantly goofy. Bacon and eggs come with your choice of dark rye, light rye or sweet and sour toast. They even have schnitzels, spaghetti and assorted sandwiches. And dynamite bran muffins. Alas, and sob, they were closed. We leaned against the window, stricken — staring in anguish at the empty pastry cases within.

Pulling ourselves together, we set off for the legendary Mars Restaurant, right on College at Bathurst. Home of the famous Mars muffin. The Mars muffin is so rich, so divine that if you added whipped cream and a handful of maraschino cherries, you'd have Black Forest cake. They were closed. I had an anxiety attack. My photographer struggled to his feet and remembered that The Bagel was just down the street. I shifted my taste buds out of the sugar gear and into 'starch'. I started thinking bagels. The Bagel, 285 College St. at Spadina has downtown

Toronto's best bagels and the world's worst wallpaper. You can't see much of it, though. The walls are covered with autographed pictures of real live movie stars — all basically saying that if they hadn't already sold their souls to Hollywood, they'd sell them for the lox 'n eggs 'n onions served here.

The waitresses in this place are incredible. Perhaps 'rude' is a better word. But if you're really rude back they love it. And they'd never steer you wrong. "Trust me sweetheart, to my worst enemy I wouldn't serve a Pizza Bagel — have cream cheese, a little lox — much nicer." "The Kaisers? Fresh they're not. You'll have a bagel, they're still warm." "What do you mean you're not hungry? Rachel, come here, she says she's not hungry. Oy, your ribs are showing. You'll have some eggs 'n onions, maybe a little cabbage borscht, a hot coffee." If you're far from home and you really miss the way Mom used to bully you at the table, The Bagel's for you.

We stagger out, round the corner and start down Spadina. We pass the Crest grill and the El Mocambo and happen upon a quaint little shop — The Spadina Head Shop. Personally, I had no idea such places still existed. The window is full of paraphernalia whose functions I can only guess at. But inside it's just another hokey store complete with King Tut posters, Elvis on laminated natural pine, huge fuzzy dice to dangle from your rear view, and gross crests to sew onto your vinyl bowling jacket. The proprietor was behind the cases of silly pipes and fluorescent rolling papers calmly clipping his fingernails. Charming. They had a pretty good selection of new wave and other assorted buttons. One in particular showed England's prime minister wearing a black cape, bearing bloody fangs "Nosferatcher".

If you're after art supplies



'S PROGRESS

Gwartzmann's is just next door, and down the street are the more competitive "Daniel's Art Supplies" — 430 Spadina and "Picasso's Art and Craft" at 426 Spadina. Since we can't draw we pass these places by, turn right and hey — Kensington Market.

One thing about Kensington Market — it really stinks. But where else can you get yourself a real live goat and an Exquisite Form long-line bra, size 42D, for only \$4.50? Naturally I picked up half a dozen. Goats that is.

The produce is fresh and gorgeous — and often cheap. But get there early, it's always packed. I wish they'd outlaw cars in Kensington Market. I'm so scared a baby bunny will escape from his cage and get squashed.

You have your pick of pigeons at Kensington Market. But what the hell do you do with pigeons? Maybe send letters home in a novel fashion this year?

Global Cheese is the only place to buy Feta for your Greek salads and Lottman's bakery is crammed full of calories to make you weak in the knees. Roots Reggae record store competes with the Patty Palace for musical domination of Kensington Avenue. Louie's coffee shop, 197½ Baldwin, has luscious marble cake and some say Toronto's best blintzes. Casa Belo Dry Goods has a p.a. system and you can listen to a 7-year old kid hawking ladies polyester pantsuits and Last Supper Wallhangings in real fake satin. And, of course, if it's a 6-foot rococo rosary you're after, you're in the right place.

I'd like to tell you all about all the lovely fresh fish stores, but I always get nauseous looking at 4-foot carp, so you're on your own as far as underwater stuff goes.

There's very little you can't get at Kensington Market — on the corner of Augusta and Baldwin there's a dry goods store with more doilies than I've ever

seen assembled in one place before. And they were featuring windowpane and fishnet pantyhose in a wide range of day-glo colours, for only \$1.00.

I bought some leashes for my goats and herded them east on Baldwin. I tell you, crossing Spadina on a Saturday afternoon in my liederhosen was a real riot. But it was worth it. At Yung Sing Pastry — 22 Baldwin St. east of Spadina, we lunched on pork rolls and vegetable buns. Dessert was Red Bean and Lotus Nut Shortcake. The Butter Walnut muffins damn near reduced this goatherd to tears. Next door is the Baldwin St. Gallery of Photography — no animals allowed. On the other side of Yung Sing is Around Again new and used records. Reasonable prices and a few gems to be found if you don't mind a search. They've got used books on music, too. I picked up a biography of the Jackson 5 and fed it to Mindy — goats, I discovered, are into soul food.

At Lawrence Tailoring next door you can get the flares surgically removed from your jeans and next to that is "Your Basic Haircut". Hanging from the awning outside this place is one gigantic comb.

On the south side of Baldwin St. are some great clothing stores — April Fool and Exile, specializing in antique clothes at not bad prices. And there's Suzanne's — original designs and very very trendy. Pretty pricey too, I'd imagine. No tags hanging off the garments and I usually take that to mean that the stuff is out of my galaxy, expense-wise. Letki Designs is a jewellery store whose specialty is that Scandanavian silver look. And the area has its own outdoor cafe — Yofi's — I think that means terrific, in Hebrew. They've got falafels and frozen yogurt and other middle east-ern dishes.

But visit the Baldwin St./Kensington Market areas yourself. There's lots more to eat and see. And, by all means, take the kids.



U of T Prof To Publish Interesting Thesis

By Peter Sutherland

The following is an excerpt from Dr. I. Fulashita's dissertation presented here as a work-in-progress:

As a pioneering researcher in the discipline of graffitiology, now barely into its pubescent phase, my purposes here are to be illustrative rather than definitive. It is my hope that this 900-page treatise, four years in the making, will make a small contribution to the field. I am, therefore, endeavouring in this exercise to move toward a framework for analysis within which the data can be perceived, analyzed and wrought into a viable theoretical construction, within whose context parameters for further investigation can be delineated. Because of the controversy of my fundamental postulates, I predict that the ramifications of their sociological, psychological, socio-psychological and psycho-sociological manifestations will be of a seismic character.

In the ebb tide of economic recession there is an inevitable washing ashore of the low priority flotsam and jetsam which are excluded from the receding wake of the reallocation of scarce funds. Some dry and rot away before the tide returns. Universities, of course, rightly or wrongly enjoy no clemency from this process. Academics, so often talked of as living apart from the "real world", are dragged from their cloisters into the real world melee of appropriating scarce resources. "Cutbacks" is a word on the lips of all of us who harbour a genuine concern for the security of the university as a permanent, necessary social institution. It is in these times of economic restraint that voices are heard from various sectors of society (and even from within our own ranks) questioning the value of the university, evaluating the return of the public dollar upon which the principal cost of running a university is borne. A large part of our society's research and development is conducted at universities, and in straitened times more than ever, academics must defend their projects against charges of esoterica and irrelevance. It is therefore with great eagerness that we at the U. of T. await the publication of the highly vaunted treatise entitled *Graffitiology and the Creative Process*, by our own Dr. Iyama Fulashita. Dr. Fulashita's thesis promises to be a revolutionary contribution not only to his particular field, but to all of Western thought, and will therefore be a flaming torch to be carried in the crusade against the obsolescence of the university. It is the work of such men that is, more than anything else, the major vindication of academia.

Dr. Fulashita consented to give us an exclusive interview during which he outlined his methodology, revealed some of his conclusions, and generally commented on the obstacles confronting the researcher in these troubled times. Veteran

academic affairs correspondent Nos E. Lahack spoke with Dr. Fulashita in his office in room number 3006, the vestibule adjoining the third-floor men's room of Roberts Library. The following is an edited transcript of a portion of their conversation:

Lahack: Dr. Fulashita, you are working in the field of graffitiology. Could you define and illustrate this discipline?

Fulashita: Graffitiologists endeavour to analyze Phenomena (SCV) i.e. the words you commonly see scrawled on walls, fences, study carrels, restroom cubicles, and so on. My area of special interest is with respect to bathroom graffiti or Facilitative Utilizational Sub-Context Verbalization Phenomena (FUSCV), and my basic unit of analysis is, then, the washroom cubicle.

Lahack: Could you, by way of example, explicate a typical FUSCV for us?

Fulashita: I have in front of me, a few FUSCV's which I recorded this morning. This one reads:

Sometimes I come here to sit and think;
Sometimes I come here to shit and stink.

There is a strong underlying ying-yang tension informing this item. Note the sticky-on-theic structure, with only a sparing interchange of consonants. These lines invoke the archetype of the dichotomically orientated polarity between the intellect and the body, or the spiritual in man versus the physical in man, as per your particular frame of reference. Now consider this specimen:

Here I sit broken hearted,
Paid a dime and only farted.
Yesterday I took a chance,
Saved a dime and shit my pants.

This example borders on the sublime. It is a poignant comment on mankind's torment with the advent of industrialization in a capitalist society. It bewails the socio-economic inroads made upon human natural expression. Here we see a classic consequence of the "marked mentality" attempting to exorcise revenue from anything and everything, leaving no stone unturned as it dispositionally circumscribes man's fundamental longing for freedom.

Lahack: That's a fascinating analysis, sir. What does your research involve in terms of field work?

Fulashita: My methodology in the field consists of the entering into of washroom facilities, the observation of SCV, and the writing down of the said SCV into a note-book (a loose piece of paper is often an acceptable surrogate in this matter).

Lahack: What are some of the hindrances you encounter in your work, sir?

Fulashita: The most formidable obstacle to my endeavours is what I refer to as "a custodial arrestation phenomenon."

LFHACK: Can you elaborate, sir?

Fulashita: It is when a janitor rubs the SCV off the wall before I can record it.

Lahack: I see. Dr. Fulashita, "cutbacks" is a word upon all of our lips. How do you perceive your research will fare in the present era of economic restraint?

Fulashita: I'm certain I'll have the resources to bring my work to a fully documented conclusion, despite the cutbacks in funds for many research projects at the present time.

Lahack: How do you know this?

Fulashita: I received a personal assurance from the Prime Minister of Canada, the Right Honourable John Clark on his visit to Toronto during the recent election campaign.

Lahack: I think you mean Joe, sir.

Fulashita: John Joe, then. In any event, he was in here having a facilitative utilizational experience and he happened to be utilizing the stall facility next to one from which I was collecting data.

Lahack: How did you know it was him?

Fulashita: Maureen McTeer was outside the cubicle, cheering him on.

Lahack: I see.

Fulashita: Anyway, on his way out, I asked him if he was pledging to guarantee funds for research at U. of T. He replied: "My Government will endeavour to embark upon a programme whose policy will be to co-ordinate with the needs and priorities of the Canadian people." So there you are.

Lahack: To return to your dissertation sir, could you outline the specific nature of your thesis?

Fulashita: My thesis has been orientated toward elucidating the motivational factor or factors which render the phenomenon of FUSCV.

Lahack: Have you been successful in identifying any of these factors?

Fulashita: Yes, it is not an unjustifiable assumption to say that my work has met with extraordinary success.

Lahack: Can you illuminate some of your findings?

Fulashita: It is my studied opinion that the prolificity of FUSCV's (Virtually no restroom facility is without them) is intimately bound up with the process of fecal evacuation, i.e. there is a definite causal relationship between the two. I draw upon a neo-Freudian conceptual apparatus to support this premise. I advance as my principal postulate that the psyche is first cognitive of the concept of creativity during the anal phase of development. It is at the time that the ego experiences an initial perceptual confrontation with the process and product of fecal evacuation, that the individual becomes cognizant of his innate capacity for creativity. He experiences a profound, almost epiphanic revelation that he has made something; it is his first cognition of the mysterious act of creation. He has, by himself, caused something to be where nothing was before. This then, is the Primary Creative Act

(PCA)—note that many infants present their feces manually to their progenitors as gifts, which are cherished by the infants because they are their first created artifacts. In the context of PUSCV, it follows that the human adult, at the climactic moment of defecation, the psyche becomes imbued with the urge to produce, to create, to manufacture a tangible reflection of the self, to say, "I am here!" The substantive result is, of course, the application of a FUSCV to the cubicle wall. It is a corollary that after the PCA, the creation of all subsequent artifacts — sand castles, suspension bridges, or Dutch masterpieces — are Symbolic Acts of Defecation (SAOD). It is a subordinate inference, for example, that in the world of art criticism, critics who favour SAODs from the realism school and are uncomfortable with abstract works, probably experienced an unresolved and phase which can account for their sensibility for neatness and orderliness, while conversely critics who appreciate abstract SAODs were more likely to have emerged from the anal phase without undue residual anxiety.

Lahack: That's very interesting.

Fulashita: It is not an unjustifiable assertion to say, then, that I have posited the source of human creativity.

Lahack: Are you saying, sir, that the Mona Lisa is nothing more than a . . . a symbolic turd? that the walls of the Louvre are lined with nothing more than symbolic shitstains?

Fulashita: Correct.

Lahack: Well, I agree that some of the "paintings" adorning Hart House walls are either SAODs as you say, or samples from the fall line of Al's U-Hang Wallpaper and Accessories, but surely not all art can be as you suggest?

Fulashita: The facts, sir, do not lie.

Lahack: Let me see if I have this straight, sir. Your research has led you to conclude that any or all objects of human creativity are simply the result of an

elaborate acting out of the process of excretion.

Fulashita: Well, that's not entirely correct, though very close. All objects of human creativity are as you have understood them to be — except one.

Lahack: What is that sir?

Fulashita: *Graffitiology and the Creative Process*.

Lahack: You mean . . . ?

Fulashita: Precisely. My treatise is the only bona fide artifact in the history of mankind. With its publication, I and I alone will have created an object in complete autonomy from the primary act of fecal evacuation. I will stand apart from and above all men or women who have ever walked the face of the earth. I will stand as the first true artist, the first true human creator, and no one will be able to deny it. It's all here in these pages: premises, proof, conclusions, all cemented together by irrefutable logic. No one can contradict me, do you hear me, no one! They laughed at me in the Faculty lounge, they thought I didn't hear but I did. They said I was eccentric, they said I was a crackpot, they said I was a lunatic. But they're wrong; they're all wrong. Soon the world will appreciate the genius of I. Fulashita. Men will covet my good opinion, women will fall at my feet, professors will seek my advice. I'll be interviewed by Barbara Frum on As It Happens. Mommy got mad at me when I gave her my poopie, she threw it in the toilet and flushed it away and washed my mouthout with soap and told Daddy and he spanked me and called me a bad boy and told Grandma and she laughed and everyone laughed and they'll be sorry 'cause I'll show them I'm not a bad boy I'm a good boy --

Lahack: -- Dr. Fulashita -- **Fulashita:** and she didn't have to flush it away she could have kept it for a while and now it's gone forever and --

Lahack: -- Sir

Fulashita: -- she'll see I'll show her I'll show all of them --

Lahack: -- Thank you for your time sir . . .

CREATIVE WRITING

If you are an Innis College student and you write fiction or poetry, please come and tell me about your work. I'm in the Writing Lab on Wednesdays and Fridays from 1-5 (room 314). I'll be able to tell you about the Innis College Writers' Workshop and WRIT magazine, and you can familiarize yourself with our bulletin board and our collection of little magazines.

Roger Greenwald

FASHION HINTS

By Lola Fairhair
and Connie Albright

Dear Nude Student,

O.K. First thing we're going to do for you here at Innis is get you some clothes. So, what do you like? Who cares. You're at Innis, kid. You wear what we like.

We like tight pants that accentuate that new wave knock-kneed look you've been working on all summer. The desired effect is angularity in the extreme. A swastika should look curvaceous by comparison.

Let's talk footwear. What do your feet wear? Who cares. We like shoes with a potential for violence. Spurs, spikes, studs — that's what we're after. No bells, no tassels — no hassles. The torso. We like it attached

to the abdomen. No hair on the chest? Get some. Fuzz'll give you some. For a price. But that's life at Innis, kid. Everything costs. Don't ask how much. You don't want to know. And don't check your fees schedule. The price of glory ain't listed there.

We like sweat. Not that fresh, fragrant athletic stuff. Old sweat. The stuff that frosts the armpits of your trendy T shirts like the rings of Saturn. The keyword is pungent. That goes for hair. Forget shampoo. Hair should be a solid, moving mass — throbbing with a voluptuous life all its own. Easy, easy, down boy. You're not ready for us. Yet. Eyebrows raised? Tongue on the floor? Pull yourself together. What do you think this

is, some kind of game? This is business.

Let's talk accessories. You got safety pins? Skinny ties? Razor blades-on-a-chain? Don't make me laugh. That's history. And that's boring. So what's left? Plenty. A bottle of hooch and a ball point pen. Understate, kid, always understate.

"So," you say in your newly-found, gravel-edged whisper, "I strike the lean silhouette, I talk the green streak, I carry the mean necessities. What I need now is a woman." Don't take this too hard, son, but for what you need, you're gonna have to wait. The Innis Woman has not yet been revealed. Sit back, relax. Take it slow. Take it solo. Next Herald, she'll be there. Ciao.

AFTER THE DAY LONG HUNT

M. Swan

Amazons rest under the trees
After the day long hunt.
The sun dives down dimming,
Down farther yet.

Women turn inside my mind;
'Round yet again.
Think of their hair, love long,
After the day long hunt.

Down farther yet,
In the back of my brain,
I smell the soft shine shining
Longing touch under the trees.

Almost feel the almost warmth,
But the back of my brain
Can't do more, as
The sun dives down dimming.

Still I am caught;
Caught being conscious
After the day long hunt,
While amazons rest under trees.

DANGEROUS MAILBOX BLUES

J. Ward

Well I open the lid
and to my surprise
He's staring at me
with his compound eyes,
and his head, and his thorax, and his ab-do-men,
seem in perfect working order
so I
shut the lid again,
and I stand on the sidewalk,
unable to smile.
There's a wasp in the mailbox, and he's cramping my style.

PIGGIES FOR CURTAINS

J. Ward

I wish I had piggies for curtains.
Nice fat ones would block out the sun,
I fancy they'd squeal a great deal,
but I feel,
That this would be half of the fun.



"I've got an idea for a story: Gus and Ethel live on Long Island, on the North Shore. He works sixteen hours a day writing fiction. Ethel never goes out, never does anything except fix Gus sandwiches, and in the end she becomes a nympho-lesbo-killer-whore. Here's your sandwich."

INNIS SERVICES

WRITING LAB

By Evelyn Cotter

The Writing Laboratory can be very important to you if you want to improve your writing style during your college years. The Lab offers individual assistance to Innis students and sponsors three credit courses in the academic writing skills, as well as a non-credit "Writing Workshop" for creative writers.

You may come to the Lab to consult a tutor about anything you are writing at any stage of its composition: essays, book reports, seminar presentations. No one will ever "send" you to the Writing Lab; attendance is entirely voluntary. We see as many A students as C students, so don't feel you have to fall into a special category to use the Lab. The only requirement is that you must belong to Innis College or take an Innis course.

Tutors are available for personal interviews from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Mondays through Fridays. When you have your appointment, you will be consulting the tutor by yourself about your written work. The tutor will not lecture you about the ideal essay, or proof-read for typing errors, or pounce on misplaced commas with a red pencil, what he will do is talk with you about your ideas for the essay or read what you have put down. Then he will offer constructive criticism of your approach to the material and of the logic, organization, and style of your writing. Of course,

he will not write the essay for you, nor will he feed you his ideas, but he will give you encouragement as well as criticism.

While individual interviews are our main work in the Lab, we do give a series of free lectures at the beginning of each term on "Learning and Study Skills"; reading skills, time management, essay writing, and grammar are all included. The Writing Lab also sponsors and staffs two half courses in academic writing, INI 203H, Clear Discourse, and INI 204H, Academic Writing Process. We also have a full credit course, INI 202Y, The Canadian Experience, specifically designed for overseas students who use English as a second language. This course stresses writing at university level, and the students work closely with Writing Lab tutors on a fairly large number of papers based on their lectures in Canadian Studies.

If you are writing poetry or fiction, you may be interested in joining our Writers' Workshop. This group of writers meets once a week for reading and discussion. The group is open to new members in October; if you are interested, submit an application and some examples of your writing in September. Writing by some workshop members has appeared in WRIT, a literary magazine published at Innis.

The Writing Lab was the first academic service offered by Innis when the College was founded in 1964. It was an experiment then that has proved its worth to Innis students over the years.

MATH LAB

By Pat McDonell

The Math Counselling Centre at Innis provides a complete mathematics support service for first-year students.

Individual programs are created for students who find that their math background is not strong enough for the course or courses they have selected. Tests to determine level of knowledge are available and can be written and evaluated at the Centre.

Ongoing support is also given

to those who need occasional or regular assistance in any Calculus course.

Help is provided on a one-to-one basis in an informal atmosphere, usually by hourly appointment. The sessions are completely private and may occur anywhere from twice (or more times) a week to several times a term, according to need.

When the Centre is not in use for individual appointments, students find it convenient to drop in for guidance with their homework, to use the small collection of reference material or first to ask general questions about progress, course, etc.

OTHER INNIS SERVICES

Innis College also has reserved time at the Psychology Resource Centre for Innis Psychology 100 students. There is a commerce-economics tutor who will have an office in Innis. Sue Gellately is the personal counsellor at Innis College. She is available to help students with personal problems, exam anxiety and time management. She will have new quarters this year downstairs in room 131.



Evelyn Cotter



Roger Greenwald



Pat McDonell



Sue Gellately,
Personnel Counsellor



Dennis Duffy, Principal



Art Wood,
Principal's Assistant



Audrey Perry,
Principal's Secretary



Robin Laperriere,
Administrative Assistant



Anne Whyte,
Director of Environmental
Studies



Richard Stren,
Director of Urban Studies



Gino Matto,
Director of Cinema Studies



Jane Simpson, Librarian

AT INNIS



David King, Registrar



Linda Paulos,
Assistant Registrar



Sandy Tse,
ICSS President



Sylvia Ritz-Munroe,
Registrar's Secretary



Sharon Edghill, Secretary



Sue Corbie, Secretary



Forbes Aired,
Co-Op Residence Coordinator



Roddy Macdonald



Jim Pentern,
SAC Representative



Joe Medjuck,
Professor of Cinema Studies



Anita Bredovski,
Social Director



Peter Allen,
Professor of English

This isn't all of the staff, college council, and student society. There are others who we didn't have pictures for or who have yet to be elected to their posts. Getting to know the staff, college council and student society is a big step toward feeling like you're part of this college.

Directory of the College

Offices

Name	Room	Phone
F. Aird	121	2512
S. Corbie	131	7023
E. Cotter	314	4871
D. Duffy	125	2510
S. Edghill	131	8573
S. Gellatly	230	7271
D. King	119	2511
A. McCowan	122	2512
A. Perry	124	4332/ 2510
L. Poulos	122	2513
S. Ritz-Munroe	118	2511
J. Simpson, Library		4497
A. Wood	123	8571

PUB

D. Waldie, Manager	204	4808
E. Jolly, Cook		4808
R. Broderick		4808

ICES

K. Crook, President	116	7368
R. Macdonald, Vice-Pres.	116	7368

WRITING LAB

314 4871

MATH/SCIENCE CENTRE

P. McDonnell	322	7463
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Residence

VLADIMIR HOUSE, 651 Spadina Avenue
M5S2H6

1st Floor	3556
2nd Floor	3557
3rd Floor	6186
Kitchen	6187

8 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-4064

10 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-2265

12 Sussex Day Care M5S 1J5
598-3168

14 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-4038

16 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-4915

18 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-1486

20 Sussex M5S 1J5
797-2187

22 Sussex M5S 1J5
598-2088

24 Sussex M5S 1J5
979-2752

375 Huron M5S 2G5
596-1687

12 Washington M5S 1L2

709 Spadina M5S 2J4
597-0821

429 Brunswick M5R 2Z2
964-9204

118 Spadina M5R 2T8
960-5325

Innisfree Farm (519) 879-6858

R.R. #1

Otterville, NOJ 1R0

